

the right kinda sinner by wickedlittleoz

Series: [bad, bad medicine \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Hesitant steps were approaching and would soon take a turn to be perfectly facing them – Steve, dressed down to his undies, bracing against the locker, and naked Billy Hargrove pressed up against his behind, a clever hand on Steve's dick.

“Steve?” They called and he groaned, but anxiously, because he knew that voice.

It was Jonathan.

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Author's Note:

Part two of bad, bad medicine. Can be read stand alone, I guess, but works better with the first.

Title taken from Pat Benatar's Heartbreaker.

*Edit: [warheadache](#) made a DELICIOUS piece of art for this fic (again, thank you SO MUCH) and everyone needs to see it and shower them with love because it's HOT. So yeah, [here's a link](#). Goes without saying, but NSFW.

Sweat, heat. A ball thumping. Rubber shoes squeaking.

Billy Hargrove's eyes following him hungrily from across the court, but never getting close enough to touch, not anymore, not this whole week after *the incident*.

His tongue swiping across his bottom lip – Steve shivered as he remembered the feel of that tongue on his own.

Steve's legs faltered and he almost fell face down on the floor, held his balance in a split of second, but someone took the ball from him and scored and turned the game.

“What the fuck, Harrington?” Alex, coming up to him, furious.

The whistle made him stop inches away from Steve, who seemed to be still stuck in a haze, for he didn't really care, would have actually liked to get punched if that somehow managed to put some sense into him, because this whole damn week all he could think about was Billy Hargrove and Billy Hargrove's mouth and getting pinned by Billy Hargrove and getting fucked senseless in the back of a Camaro.

The whistle rang again and Steve blinked back to reality, blushing lightly as he thought, what if Alex could read his mind (it's not so crazy, not with El walking around moving shit with her mind), what if he could see it in Steve's eyes?

Practice was done and one by one, the boys left the court. Steve lingered. He didn't want to be naked in shower with Billy.

"Need help, coach?" He said, already picking up basketballs, trying to keep himself busy.

The Incident is how Steve had come to call that crazy afternoon where he and Jonathan were under the bleachers talking (*talking*, they were talking, Steve refused to admit he'd kissed Jonathan again) their stuff and Billy had walked in, and somehow kissed him.

Since that day he'd been avoiding both the boys, and Jonathan was, too, judging by the way he'd gone back to being practically invisible. Steve had had lunch in his car every day, didn't linger in classes or the library any longer than necessary, he hadn't even left the house if not to pick up and drop Dustin at the Wheeler's (and even that was hurried, because yeah, Jonathan was still Nancy's boyfriend).

He didn't want to run into Jonathan or be seen with Jonathan. First because then they would have to talk about it, which terrified him – admitting he had feelings for him was one thing, admitting he had the hots for Billy was another, both insane –, but also because he didn't know what Billy was playing at.

The blonde had been too quiet about everything. He wasn't randomly attacking Steve anymore, not even in basketball practice. He kept his distance and only smiled that animalistic smile every time their eyes met, and Steve didn't know if he would actually keep the secret, or if he was just waiting for the perfect opportunity to tell on them. Whatever that was.

Steve took a good fifteen minutes making up stuff to discuss with the coach, until he began to get suspicious. He figured, though, that he'd given enough time for the showers to fall empty of wet, sweaty guys and specially wet, sweaty *Billy*.

How wrong he was.

As soon as he walked in, he saw – Billy was sitting on a wooden

bench stark naked, toweling his damp hair. Legs spread, droplets of water still clinging to his tanned shoulders. Steve let out a shaky breath and immediately started trying to come up with another excuse to disappear from the locker for another ten minutes, maybe call it a day and shower at home.

But Billy looked up at the sound of his steps, towel falling to his shoulders, and smiled like a predator. “Harrington,” he chimed, looking Steve up and down. “I was starting to think you wouldn’t come.”

Steve looked around him, almost desperate, for help. His brain was sizzling, he thought smoke was probably oozing out of his ears, as he tried not to let his eyes fall to Hargrove’s naked body, and fighting Demodogs was *nothing* compared to facing Billy right now.

He breathed deeply and decided the best approach was to remain indifferent – or at least pretend.

“Yeah, well, sorry to have kept you waiting,” he said ironically and walked up to his locker, quickly pulling out his clothes and toeing his sneakers off. The faster he showered, the sooner he’d see himself free of this nightmare.

Apparently, Billy had other plans. Steve had just stripped down to his underwear when he suddenly felt – he didn’t hear steps or breathing or warnings, he just *felt* – the heat of another body pressing against him from behind, naked and half-hard. He swallowed hard, freezing in place.

“I don’t mind waiting,” Billy croaked, breath tickling at Steve’s ear and the brunette felt himself shiver. “You know what really pissed me off, Steve?”

It was the first time ever that Billy called him by his first name, Steve noticed quickly, and his knees were going weak. Too soon, too fast. He was supposed to resist more, put up a fight. But the way Billy breathed in his ear and the feel of his muscly pecs against Steve’s back had his mind going hazy. It took him a second to realize the boy was actually expecting a reply, so he shook his head no.

“Byers. I’m so jealous that he got to you first, pretty boy.” The pet name carried a hint of lust. “That I cannot forgive.”

He didn’t sound upset, though, if anything Billy was *enjoying himself*. Steve’s breath caught in his throat when he felt a – much too warm – hand touch his stomach and slowly, oh-so-slowly, make its way down. It slipped into his boxers and Steve let out an involuntary moan when Billy wrapped his fingers around him.

“Hargrove—” He attempted, but Billy started building up an excruciatingly slow pace and Steve swallowed thick, thick saliva. His head fell back onto the boy’s shoulder and Billy quickly took to kissing and biting his neck, the way, Steve knew, would leave marks.

He sighed into the touch, relaxing a little and enjoying. Well, he’d be stupid for turning down a good handjob. And damn it if Billy Hargrove didn’t know just how to touch and twist and thumb. It almost seemed as if he had some experience, but instead of worrying his brain with images of Billy and other guys, Steve just accepted that the blonde had been doing it to himself long enough to figure out how he liked it.

Suddenly, they heard the door open and Steve froze in place, stuck between wanting to get as far away from Billy as possible, but not allowing the touches to end. He tried, though, to wriggle out of Billy’s hold, but his free hand planted itself on Steve’s stomach, holding him in place, and he felt more than heard a laugh rumble through the boy’s chest.

“Stay a little longer, Harrington,” Billy whispered at his ear. “The fun is about to begin.”

Hesitant steps were approaching and would soon take a turn to be perfectly facing them – Steve, dressed down to his undies, bracing against the locker, and naked *Billy Hargrove* pressed up against his behind, a clever hand on Steve’s dick.

“Steve?” They called and he groaned, but anxiously, because he knew that voice.

It was Jonathan.

It all made sense suddenly, that talk from before about being jealous of them, the fact that he was the only one left when Steve arrived at the showers. Billy had planned this, had sent someone for Jonathan in Steve's name, because he knew they'd been avoiding each other.

He really was a psycho.

"What the hell is your problem?" Steve asked almost rhetorical, turning his head slightly to face him. Billy smiled and licked his own lips

The steps suddenly came to a halt. Steve looked up, a small hope that he'd been wrong and this was just some guy he and Billy could beat senseless until he "forgot" what he saw. But no. There stood Jonathan Byers and his wide blue eyes full of shock, clutching at the strap of his bag for dear life.

Billy laughed again. "Byers! So good of you to join us."

"I-I think I gotta—" Jonathan started, looking between the two and Steve could see how hard he was trying to pry his eyes from the downstairs situation. He shook his head yes, almost pleading silently, *yes, leave, go.*

"No, please! Stay!" The voice at Steve's temper turned darker, "Enjoy the show, Johnny Boy. It's all for you."

No, it isn't, Steve thought. It was about Billy. About *power.*

But he forgot how to think as the hand on his cock started pumping faster.

A soft moan escaped him and Steve let his forehead rest against the cold metal of his locker. He just couldn't look at Jonathan right now, hoped the boy would just leave, but there were no receding steps and Billy's chin was resting on his shoulder, face still turned in Jonathan's direction. Eye-fucking him, he supposed. Showing who was in charge.

The hand on his stomach slid up to his chest and found his left nipple. Billy played it the way Steve had done to girls and never in his 17 years of existence thought could be done to boys. But it sent a spark down to his loins and he was close now, too close, the shame of

knowing he was being watched didn't help.

"Come on, Princess," Billy whispered, suddenly at his ear again, and bit down on the skin. Steve pursed his lips, holding back the moans that crept up his chest.

Billy's jerking suddenly sped up at the same time that he started humping against Steve's clothed ass. And he had entirely forgotten about Billy's erection, just one of the many parts of the boy's body that were too hard and too hot and pressed too tight against him. But the feel of his pleasure and the way his breathing got so much heavier at his ear sent Steve seeing stars.

When he came down from his high, Billy had let go of his now soft cock and held onto his hip, and he thrustured furiously.

He hadn't made a sound at his own orgasm, but when he felt Billy's hot, thick come dribble down his thigh, Steve cried out louder than any time before. The blonde muffled the sound by kissing him, the first time ever since that afternoon, and for a moment Steve forgot all about Jonathan. His knees wobbled and he spun around in Billy's hold to clutch onto his shoulders for balance, kissed until neither of them could breathe.

"Shit, Harrington," Billy breathed into the kiss. "I'm starting to see why Byers can't keep his hands off you."

Steve remembered, then, that Jonathan was still there, watching, and quickly pulled away from Billy.

"How about it, Byers?" Billy laughed shortly. "Maybe next time you should join in."

That stupid, practiced smile tugged on the boy's lips again and he gave Steve one last grope through the cotton of his underwear (and it felt like a promise, *there will be a next time*) before walking off to dress up. Ten torturous minutes later, he left, leaving a trail of that disgusting cologne behind.

Steve looked up at Jonathan, still blushing softly. He pointedly ignored the tightness in the boy's crotch area, it was awkward

enough without acknowledging that Jonathan had in fact “enjoyed the show”.

“Let’s never talk about this,” he said.

Jonathan was quick to agree, nodding enthusiastically, “Never.”

They stared for half a moment, then Jonathan scrambled away.

Steve sighed. Weirdly, he missed the time when his biggest problem were monsters of the Upside Down. At least they were predictable.

Author's Note:

Again, thanks to Jimmy for pushing me through this. And to everyone who commented on the first part. I haven't written fics in a really long time, so it's good to know I can still provide interesting content XD

This is part 2/3 of the bad, bad medicine series, in which my partner in crime, Jimmy, and I intend to show to world the beauty of this OT3. The first fic was a bit of a study in Steve/Jonathan, with Billy walking in by the end. This is all about Billy, though, just as he likes it. Part 3 should be waaaaaaaay heavier in the smut section, so brace for that.

As always, unbeta'd, so please forgive any mistakes. Thanks for reading and I hope you'll enjoy!

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